

## CIRCUS IN AFTER HARD TRIP.

### ALL NIGHT JOB AT THE GARDEN GETTING THINGS IN PLACE.

**Habe, the Elephant, Had the Hardest Work**  
—Unpacking the Giraffes One of the Night-Shift Showmen Explains Things—Cops Out With Nothing to Do.

While the crowd from the athletic games at Madison Square Garden on Saturday night was going out of one entrance the circus was coming in at the other. The Barnum and Bailey people could not get possession of the Garden, by the stern law of leases, until the stroke of midnight that divided Saturday from Sunday. When they came to their own they lost no time, as is the manner of circus people.

The vanguard of their coming was a string of trucks, carrying planks, tools and apparatus, and a company of workmen. Together with these came the men of the executive staff in fur lined overcoats and many diamonds and the steady company of the animals, who wore canvas coats, leggings and worried expressions. For the thermometer had been falling all the evening. It was now down to 18 above, and carried a cold wind with it. Never had a circus been moved before in such weather, and it was no time for elephants and tigers and other people of the tropics to be out of doors.

The executive staff stood near the gas jets for warmth and discussed these things. The trucks, preceded by three dump carts spilling dirt, lumbered on into the arena within the lines of the indoor track. Sides and tailboards began to come off the wagons and in five minutes the Garden, from the cluster of arc lights above to the floor below, was a great workshop.

Riggers, climbing like sailors, were scrambling up the steel beams; carpenters were laying the floors of the two stages between the three rings; laborers were spreading dirt for the corners where the queen of the savannah ring will disport herself. Gates and walls, unloaded by sections from the trucks, were nailed into place. The appearance of the Garden changed like a kaleidoscope.

The circus, freshly painted and repaired and just out of winter quarters, had arrived at Mott Haven from Bridgeport at 8 o'clock and rested until 11, when it set out for New York. The circus wagons and the baggage ransacked first, and after them the gaudy cages containing the kings of the jungle. The golds and reds of these cages were hidden under great canvas coverings, stuffed out with blankets until they looked like old fashioned emigrant wagons. Thus were the kings of the jungle kept warm.

There were no wrappings for the elephants, however; and those shaggy, tropic blooded giants complained all along the line of march. There was no fear of a stampede; they were too cold for that; but they were unhappy and did not see the use of it all. Besides, this was the first long walk out of winter quarters, and their old bones were stiff. Behind them the contemptuous camels, thorough philosophers, bobbed and padded without a murmur.

The workmen had nailed down runways into the basement of the Garden and covered them with tanbark, when a mounted policeman clattered up to the Twenty-seventh street door and announced: "They're coming!"

The twenty foot policemen who had been sitting in a box reviewing the proceedings and wondering if they were going to get passes straightened to attention and lined up in the cold outside procession. And the mob that never came and the four sneaking horses of the first van heaved their way up the runway and turned into the ring. It was a large and high van, yet it seemed impossible to believe that it carried two giraffes. It would indeed have been impossible, except for the circus method of packing a giraffe, whereby the greatest amount of neck takes up the smallest amount of space.

A shrill whoop of delight from outside showed that a small boy was playing hockey from bed to be on hand. The twenty policemen repressed them sternly. Over on Twenty-seventh street the elephants were waiting in line until the Indian cattle and the other perishables could be stored away. They were unhappy, and they said so.

As the ghostly line lumbered through the darkness, it seemed that a dozen little dogs were running with them, yelping at the heels of their voices. There were, in fact, no dogs. It was just the baby elephants, crying because they were so miserable, and even the grownup elephants shivered and expressed themselves in trumpet blasts that blew jets of steam into the light of the street lamps. Grumpy, biggest of them all, and more room to be cold than any of the others. She was chained to Columbia, an elephant born in captivity, who is sometimes naughty. When the cold got too great for the others, they clasped trunks like two miserable children and whimpered together.

So when the ringmaster belted from the Garden door, "The elephants are here," they grunted with satisfaction and wheeled under orders into ranks of two. As they stepped into the light and the comparative warmth, they stopped until they were ordered into movement; each lifted one hind foot and rubbed it up and down the opposite leg like an elephant in a baby boy. That means, in elephant language, "That means, in elephant language, 'How cold I was.'"

An army of keepers came along and fed them all—except Babe, who is a gentle soul and, like so many other gentle souls, gets her right along because she is so good. It is a true but immoral fact that the finer the character of a creature, the harder is her passage through the world. Now Babe, because she is good, was the very elephant selected to lead the night supperless, shivering circus wagons.

For before anything else was done the thirty or forty cages containing the magnificent mastodons, mammoths, moose and the forest had to be got below. Madison Square Garden is peculiarly constructed. In the basement, where the stalls stand during the horse show, there are two low arches. They drop too far for a complete circus wagon to get under them; consequently the wagons must be shoved up to the arches moved from their wheels on to low rollers pushed under the arches, and set up on their wheels again. A gang of men took hold of the tongues of the wagons and guided them while Babe set her saggy forehead against the tailboards and walked along wagon and all. The boss had only to indicate the general direction and she did the rest.

While The Sun reporter was watching these things he fell into conversation with a smooth faced middle aged gentleman who seemed to know every one and yet to be only an onlooker like himself.

"Good old Babe," said this man. "She's surely the pet of this show. Twice she's checked a stampede by her good sense; and I've seen her stop in the procession to nose off a child who was getting in the way and likely to hurt."

"What is your job in the show?" asked The Sun reporter.

"I am the chief lawyer," responded the middle aged gentleman. "We have a little city on wheels," he continued, "and we have pretty nearly everything. There are 600 including a doctor that's the man over there, Dr. Ives; and a veterinarian, of course; and even a kind of a court, by Mr. Bailey as judge, and a regular hotel that's how we feed on the route. Yes, we need a lawyer all the time. It was found that it paid to carry one. And don't believe for a minute that I don't have lots to do. There is a real routine business with contracts of course; but there are a hundred and one things you would never think of. The circus is everybody's mark; if the elephant steps on a chicken there's a bill for the price of a hog. Finding camp is

grounds and making sure that you've got a free title on the land is a big job in itself.

"By the way, do you see that big black fellow over there in the sombrero? He's the Zulu that brought out the lion and lamb turn. Don't ask me for his name. It sounds like a sob. He likes to work, so that he always helps get the animals stowed. The giraffe snorted at him, the giraffe snorted at him. He likes to work, so that he always helps get the animals stowed. The giraffe snorted at him, the giraffe snorted at him. He likes to work, so that he always helps get the animals stowed.

The tailboard of the wagon opened, showing how they pack giraffe necks. Somehow, the heads are persuaded to lie down. Then slings are passed over the necks to bring them down until the lid can be closed. The big Zulu was at work buckling the lid.

"Look out!" said Mr. Andrews, the circus attorney, "a giraffe kicks like an army mule, and he certainly has a long reach. Our came a big spotted giraffe with a red mane. Four men, two to a rope, clung to a harness which went over his broad breast, the only thing on a giraffe which seems to be made as it ought to be made. He misused his head, explored the region of the second gallery of the Garden, and dropped it again, perching the Zulu to freeze to a rope which was twisted to his neck near where it rose into his head.

Carefully prodding, they forced him forward. He was like a new-born calf. At the runway he stopped, looked at the tanbark over, and snorted. A fresh supe pulled him from behind. He raised his head, looked at the sky and tossed his head. The Zulu, clinging pluckily to the rope, came up with it. He hung, his feet kicking a yard from the ground, and yelled. The giraffe snorted and stamped. The Zulu hung on, yelling.

"Yo fellows! Yo fellows!" This seemed to be the only English which he could command, as he swung under the giraffe's chin, bumping against his forelegs. The giraffe brought up with another snort at the low arch which wouldn't let the wagons through. The violence of his stop snapped the Zulu off. Twenty circus men rushed to seize the ropes and the giraffe was held until his nerves grew quiet. Then they cast him into his pen, from which he reached to explore the crown of the hat of every visitor who passed.

The keeper for taking the other giraffe around the other way, where the approach to the runway is more gradual. But the assistant keeper stopped him.

"Coco is a trained baby elephant, much admired by Toddy Hamilton, who has celebrated him in real literature. Coco has been a circus peculiarity. He is an elephant of very positive convictions and he cannot abide a giraffe."

All night the circus men worked. Somewhere about 2 o'clock, a small outfit, which had set up a kitchen in the basement, brewed hot coffee and made sandwiches, and the men quit by gangs and lunched. Only when they rushed the kitchen did the spectators realize what an army of men this circus business employs.

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## SOME MEN TAKE AS MUCH PRIDE IN THEIR OFFICES AS THEY DO IN THEIR HOMES—THEY MIGHT BE CLASSIFIED AS SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MEN. I CLASSIFY THEM AS THOSE WHO ARE OR OUGHT TO BE MY CUSTOMERS.

**CHARLES E. MATTHEWS**  
OFFICE FURNITURE  
275 Canal St., 1 Door East of B'way.  
Telephone 1299 Spring.

## LABOR MEN WHACK COLER.

**C. F. U. DELEGATES DOUBT HIS FAITH IN M. O. PRINCIPLES.**

**Dispute Over His Bill to Construct in Brooklyn a Road to the R. T. Why Leave It for a Term of Years When the City Has Built It? Asks Delegate Prince.**

Bird S. Coler, President of the Borough of Brooklyn, came in for criticism at yesterday's meeting of the Central Federated Union in a discussion of what is known as the Coler bill, which provides for the building of a street railroad in Brooklyn by the municipality, to be a competitor of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit system. The matter was brought up by Michael Fitzgerald of the Letter Carriers' Union, an M. O. P. man, who said that the Coler bill would pass if the working people would only put their shoulders to the wheel.

"We will then have a road which will break into the monopoly of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit system," he said.

"And be operated by Mr. Belmont," said a voice.

"Nothing of the sort," said Fitzgerald, angrily. "I am not operated by Mr. Belmont myself."

He then began to predict the coming of an industrial millennium. The result of a passage of this bill, the post office, which was run by the Government, showed, he said, a net income of \$11,000,000 for the past year. The Brooklyn Bridge, when it was run by the city, paid well and the men were working only eight hours a day.

The bill was then read. One objection was that it provided for the leasing of the road, if it was considered expedient, to a corporation for five years.

"What object is there in having municipal ownership," said ex-Assemblyman Samuel Prince, delegate of the cigar makers, "if we give the road to a corporation for five years?"

"Send it back to Mr. Coler to be amended," said another delegate.

Delegate Kelly of the Theatrical Protective Union said that the cars of the new road could not cross the Brooklyn Bridge, anyway, unless it was operated by the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company. The Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company had a long lease for the use of the bridge.

Delegate Delaney of the Grocers' Cutters asked if Mr. Coler's municipal ownership was "on the level."

"I believe we could get better from Tammany Hall," said Delegate Paulitsch of the Sheet Metal Workers. "This Coler municipal ownership bill is all on one side. The Socialists, of which I am a member, believe that the municipal ownership people are simply hot air blowers who never know where they are at."

"I don't believe that Mr. Coler could be on the level in this matter," said Delegate Delaney.

"He never was," said a voice.

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## ALL THE MUSIC IN THE WORLD

Playable by anyone on the  
**STUYVESANT**  
**PIANOLA PIANO**  
**\$550**  
In moderate monthly payments if desired

Never before in the history of music has it been possible to secure so much musical enjoyment at so slight an expenditure of time, effort and money.

Send for Art Catalog and full details of our easy payment plan by which you can be enjoying the instrument while you are paying for it.

**The Aeolian Co.,** 362 11th Ave., near 34th St., N. Y.

## THE ALLURING SLOT MACHINE.

**IT SOLD 50,000 EXTRA CIGARS A WEEK IN PATERSON.**

**Profits Made in Saloons Enormous and It Paid From 15 to 20 Per Cent. to the Saloon Keeper—Its Use in Paterson Abolished a Week Ago by Police Order.**

PATERSON, N. J., March 18.—At the close of the first week of doing business without the aid of cent and nickel slot machines tobacco dealers and saloon keepers of this city estimate that the sales of cigars for the six days have decreased more than 50,000. One dealer who has a prominent place in Main street said that since Monday last his cigar sales were 2,500 less than a week ago.

Most of the machines which had no packages of confections to give to those who got tired of taking cigars as their part of winnings from the machines has given up the candy end of the concern altogether. His bill for candy packages alone was \$60 a week. He estimates his loss by Chief of Police Binson's order to stop the use of slot machines as over \$200 a week. Barber shops, too, are feeling the loss of this petty form of gambling, which had got to be so prevalent throughout the city that even the larger pool and poker rooms were being affected by it. A number of dealers have been operating the machines in secret, but as soon as their whereabouts is learned by the police the machines will be confiscated and placed in the "hell hole" of the police station, a place where all such articles are kept awaiting destruction.

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## THIS CHURCH SALOON PAID WELL.

**Proprietor of Really Proper Drinking Resort Dies Wealthy.**

PITTSBURGH, March 18.—Frank Merkel, who conducted his saloon at 543 Smithfield street as he thought the Church would conduct it, died at his home last evening, aged 52.

Merkel and his saloon were known to everyone in Pittsburgh. A devout Catholic, Merkel believed that saloons were necessary evils, but that if properly conducted, much of the harm in them could be eliminated. He therefore tried to conduct his saloon as the Church would conduct it.

Merkel's saloon was never open on Christmas or any other national holiday. Whenever the banks closed, so did Merkel's saloon. The proprietor believed that the saloon should remain at home with their families on holidays, and not in saloons.

He also objected to the crowds which assemble in saloons on such days, when men drink more than they should.

If a drunken man entered his saloon he was asked to go out, and if he did not go he was ejected. If a man came into his saloon sober and drank until he was nearing intoxication, no more drinks would be sold to him. If an argument of any kind was started, which threatened to end in trouble, the saloon would be cleared and the doors closed until all the objectionable persons had gone away.

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## The Top Notch of Style in Men's Spring Overcoats.

With a sketch from the garment alongside.

With the Spring has come an overcoat, distinctly new and radically different from commonplace styles. We don't think you'll see any quite the equal of ours in grace of line, manliness or fit.

Ours are fashioned of the new gray and black fabrics, in medium length models, the back outlines the form to the waist and flares out over hips with a deep centre vent.

A handsome example of this new overcoat at

Any good custom tailor will ask \$30 for the identical garment.

These Spring overcoats are made of the new gray fabric in herringbone, diagonal and plain weaves. The same model in black.

**Vogel Brothers**  
42nd St. At 8th Ave.

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Let us demonstrate how easy it is to handle the Rainier Car and how desirable a car it is.

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MAKE AND BREAK SPARK, SIMMS BOSCH MAGNETO, BEVEL GEAR DRIVE.

Cars for demonstration always ready.

**THE RAINIER COMPANY, Broadway & 50th St., New York.**  
COLUMBIA, N. Y. 10036  
1233 & 1235 Michigan Ave. Boston  
Morrison-Tyler Motor Co., 121 Massachusetts Ave.

## BREAK IN ON FAN TAN GAME.

**Nine Prisoners Bagged in Mott Street by Hogan's Watchful Men.**

Nine Chinamen were arrested last night by detectives of Inspector Hogan's staff on the second floor of a tenement house at 12 Mott street which the detectives have been watching for over two weeks.

Shortly before 10 o'clock Detective Meyer saw two Chinamen enter the building. He recognized them as gamblers and followed them. At a door on the second floor the Chinamen knocked three times. When the door was opened Meyer thrust in his foot, at the same time blowing his whistle.

Detectives Berberich, Rooney, Vandereau and Devlin, were waiting for the signal. The five burst in on thirty Chinamen playing fan tan. The Chinamen ran pell mell in all directions. Some of them climbed down the fire escape to the street. Others ran upstairs to the roof and escaped.

Among the nine men arrested was Ching Tng, who is put down as the proprietor of the game. The five burst in on thirty Chinamen playing fan tan. The Chinamen ran pell mell in all directions. Some of them climbed down the fire escape to the street. Others ran upstairs to the roof and escaped.

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## Always Buy



**Mount Vernon Rye**

IN SQUARE BOTTLES

You can't be sure of any other bottling.

**COOK & BERNHEIMER CO.**

Tom Lee, the Mayor of Chinatown, came around to the station and bailed Lee Dow out.

## "SADIE GIRL" WANTS DIVORCE

**Young Millionaire Whittell's Second Actress Wife Wants to Go Back on the Stage.**

SAN FRANCISCO, March 18.—Young George Whittell, a grandson of the old money lender, Nicholas Luning, has been sued by his wife for divorce. Mrs. Whittell was Miss Joseph Cunningham, one of Anna Held's "Sadie Girls," when Whittell met her two years ago and married her in New York.